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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 8, 1903. NUMBER 6

CHICAGO.

Here in this splendid city by the lake,
I dream that man has a majestic hope,
Because all elements of life and thought
Enrich her blood and stimulate her brain.
Here is the world epitomized, for here
Are pulses out of every nation's heart,
And men may study mankind at their hearths.
This is to be a favorite battle-ground
For truth and error. Here, as time moves on,
Great causes will be marshaled. Times have been
Already, when the stirring trumpet blast
Of an approaching conflict, shook the world
Out of its dream of safety. Oh, then teach
All capable of bearing the bright arms
Of reason, fearless, independent thought!
If you would lead men surely angelward,
Teach them to think,—not what to think, but how.

—*Blanche Fearing.*

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on Literature & Sociology

Season of 1903-4, by George Willis Cooke

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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1903. NUMBER 6

Professor Kendall, of the United States Fish Commission, has at last come to the defence of the despised and much underestimated catfish. In the name of science this expert has recently declared that this plebeian of our rivers is among the brainiest of fish; that, dead or alive, he is a high representative of the fish world. If he is less sportive, it is because he is more brainy and knows how to get along in quiet ways. In the long run the most brainy representatives of the genus homo are found among the commoners. The "codfish aristocracy" has gone or is rapidly going to its own place. Perhaps the catfish aristocracy is yet to come into power.

On October 3 last there was a significant festival in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, when the birthday of Charles Gordon Ames, the genial successor of James Freeman Clarke, was celebrated by his friends. And he deserved it, for he is a streak of sunshine seventy-five years long. That ray has radiated warmth and light all along the line. The present writer, in common with many of the readers of UNITY, has been touched by that beam on its way around from Bloomington, Illinois, to San Jose, California, to Minneapolis, Philadelphia, and Boston. Sometimes it used the editor's pen; sometimes the lecturer's platform; always it was a gospel laden with cheer and courage. UNITY joins with the host in celebrating Charles Gordon Ames and his seventy-five years.

It is not dogmatism or bigotry that lies behind the startling but altogether sane suggestion of Chancellor MacCracken of the New York University in a recent address to the student body under him when he says:

"I wish we could require from every freshman a Sunday school diploma that would certify that he knew by heart the ten commandments, the sermon on the mount, a church catechism of some kind, a score of scripture psalms and best classic hymns.

"This university will join any association of universities and colleges that will demand this as an entrance requirement. So much as in us lies, we will make the college a place for preserving and strengthening reverence for things divine."

It is a long way from the interpretation of religion as dogma to the interpretation of religion in terms of culture and of morality. The Bible as a handbook of dogmatic theology has been eliminated from most systems of education, private or public, but the Bible as a great literary storehouse, as a handbook of the higher life, a text-book in the history of morals and religion, awaits its day in the educational world, and that day is surely to come.

Professor George E. Howard has been lecturing under the auspices of the University of Chicago on reform in marriage laws. He thinks that the recognition of the so-called "common law" marriage is an "unmitigated evil." He would have every county divided into districts for each of which a registrar should be appointed to license, solemnize, and register all marriages civilly contracted therein, and to license, register, and attend all religious celebrations of marriages. He also has assailed the easy divorce systems in many states. We take one more occasion of pleading for national legislation concerning marriages and business corporations. A people so homogenous in interests and customs as the United States should be protected and strengthened by a uniform law. Why should seekers after divorce hie to South Dakota and all corporations seek their charters in New Jersey, no matter where the home to be disrupted is located, or the business of the corporation is to be conducted.

Jane Addams is fertile in resources. The "poor widow, dependent on the earnings of her children who are under fourteen," has been much in evidence among those who are trying to evade the child labor law, which prohibits the employment of children under this age in shops and manufactories. It is to be remembered that it is the wealthy employers, the great corporations among which it is so hard to enforce these laws, whose hearts are most torn by the thought of this "dependent widow." Miss Addams suggests that the women's clubs of the various cities should undertake to pay the wages, which seldom reach more than two or three dollars a week, of such children while they go to school. There is reason to believe that this would prove but a small tax on the women's clubs, and a masculine editor might readily suggest the lines of economy by means of which such a tax could easily be met by the more fortunate women. But the *Chicago Tribune* improves on Miss Addams's suggestion when it urges the adoption of the Swiss method, which provides such scholarships out of the public funds, thus at the same time "rescuing mothers from want and fatherless children from ignorance." Private charity is a poor substitute for public duty. If it is economy for the state to provide the means of universal education, it is economy as well as justice for the state to make it possible for all innocent and well meaning children to avail themselves of the privilege. The problem of popular education is yet in its infancy. The dignity, the value, the imperative importance, and superlative character of the public school are as yet but poorly appreciated and but little understood, even by the friends of education.

That was a humble but by no means insignificant celebration that for three days recently engaged the attention of the little city of Trenton, N. Y., when the Reformed Christian Church rounded out its

hundred years of potent living. As the name indicates, this church antedates the word "Unitarian," but it grew into this fellowship. The first pastor of this church was Rev. John Sherman of Revolutionary experience. This minister was a kinsman of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. He, in Connecticut, lifted up his voice for the Unitarian heresies many years before Channing delivered his famous Baltimore sermon. The town of Trenton bore then its Dutch name of "Olden Barneveldt." The names of Edgar Buckingham, William Silsbee and Howard N. Brown appear in the long list of ministers who have served this Dutch-American community. The significance of this service is indicated by the names of those present at the celebration, in body or in spirit. Hon. Andrew D. White, Hon. George F. Hoar, Revs. Collyer, Savage, Slicer, and Chadwick were there in spirit. Howard N. Brown and William C. Gannett were among those who were there in body and in spirit. Mr. Gannett gave a bird's eye view of the liberal Christianity of the nineteenth century,—"the century of Channing and Beecher; the century during which protestant creeds were worn thin; the century that increased the emphasis on ethics as demonstrated in politics and philanthropy, this emphasis having changed the idea of God itself. Was it the century that has increased the personal character and deepened communion with God?" This was Mr. Gannett's question and we leave it as he did,—a question not to be answered too flippantly or confidently.

The recent confession of Mayor Harrison that the City Hall of Chicago is full of "graft," but that he and his chiefs of departments are unable to cope with it because the civil service law interferes with peremptory dismissal, is a most significant confession. The statutes, both state and municipal, concerning betting at horse races, slot machines, policy shops, and other popular obvious forms of gambling, are explicit and clear. That these statutes are violated in every racing park and nearly every saloon, cigar store, and other places of loafing is an obvious fact, known to nearly everybody except the constabulary and judicial forces that are employed by the state to suppress these vices. If Mayor Harrison and his assistants do not know of the persistent and obtrusive violation of these laws through the consent of those whose business it is to suppress them, they need but ask for information of any small boy on the corner and he will give them the necessary information or point to where it can be obtained. The mayor of Springfield, Illinois, has recently been indicted for malfeasance in office. There are five counts: three because he refused to suppress gambling; one because he refused to suppress and prevent the keeping of a pool room, and one because he refused to prevent the operation of slot machines. This blighting agnosticism of the office holder suggests a more damning indifference on the part of the public, or, what is worse, a compounding of the vice for political reasons. Partisan interests dominate and over-rule the conscience of church members, they paralyze the voice of the preacher, and make cowardly the judge on his bench. Even the "reformers" are frequently found threatening to give up their reforms because there is little encouragement for them to fight for the right at the polls. They complain that the friends of law and order do not remember them at the polls, consequently those who wish to be elected are compelled to make friends with the other kind.

We print in another column an address given by Mr. William Kent before a club of California citizens in the interest of a scheme that seeks to dedicate forever to the people a section of the beautiful Tamalpais region where lakes, trees, and mountains combine in magnificent attractions. We print it not because we are particularly interested in this San Francisco park scheme, but because it is a particular application not only of a national but of a humanitarian issue. The spirit with which Mr. Kent seeks to solve it is in striking contrast with the painful arrogance of the capitalists who are trying to monopolize the forests and lakes of the Adirondacks. It is pitiable to contemplate the bitterness of feeling that causes a W. D. Rockefeller to steal away from what he considers his own great mountain park of seventy or eighty thousand acres. From this sublime domain of nature he would exclude the mountain-born men and women who have learned to thread these forests, to swim in the lakes, and to fish in the streams, with a sense of their being their very own, by the signs, "No Trespass," "Private Grounds!" "No Shooting Nor Fishing Under Penalty," and the like. Mr. Whitney is said to own a hundred thousand acres in the Adirondacks, for which it is said he has paid an average price of five dollars per acre. If this land was bought for the purpose of conserving its forests, of making its beauties more accessible to his fellow men,—in short, for the purpose of giving back to the people this beauty made more noble and available by his stewardship, it is well. But if it is with the hope of laying the foundations of a landed aristocracy, to enclose this great estate to be used as a private preserve, after the fashion of the titled lords of the Old World, he is rowing against the stream and quarreling with fate. We wish it might be possible for Messrs. Whitney, Rockefeller *et. al.* to read the speech we print that was addressed to the California citizens. It is an appeal to the patriotism of intelligent men everywhere.

Henry D. Lloyd.

Henry D. Lloyd is dead, though he was but fifty-six years of age! Mr. Lloyd was a man who might have enjoyed "elegant leisure" but preferred to wear himself out in hard work for humanity. He was a man of wealth who made common cause with the laborer. Persistently, joyfully, and cordially he put his own white and soft hand into the horny hands of the laborer. Early in the career of the Standard Oil Company his clear mind and sympathetic heart divined the iniquity at the root of it, and he gave his leisure, his money, his legal training as well as his enlightened conscience to the work of investigating its records. He pried into court dockets, the records of

legislatures, the statistics of railroads, the unintentional testimony of official documents, and then he wrote the great book, "Wealth *vs.* Commonwealth." It is an arraignment that has never been answered, an awful exhibit of facts, the mountainous character of which was seized upon by the arraigned as their only available shelter. They knew that comparatively few people, particularly the business men whom alone they might fear, would stop to read the book through, or, if they did, could fully appreciate the significance of the figures or the full import of the records. Indeed, it is charitable to suppose that the commercial world lacks the sensitive conscience and the trained mind to see the drift of these facts as Henry D. Lloyd did.

Mr. Lloyd heard rumors of better adjustment of capital and labor in the new commonwealths of Australasia, and he went hither to see; he studied the situation, and came back and wrote of "The Country Without a Strike."

Mr. Lloyd read in the newspapers grewsome details of the condition of the miners in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. He packed his bag, bought his ticket, and went there to see. He went down into the shafts; he talked with Pole, Dane, and Negro; he visited the miners' homes,—homes, though they were huts, and he took sides with those who took the awful risks in the dark as against those who speculated in those risks on Wall Street and grew fat and wealthy on their traffic. He became the counselor of John Mitchell and the advocate of the cause of the miner before the high commission appointed by President Roosevelt.

These instances are characteristic of the busy life of Henry D. Lloyd, the son of a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, born in Belleville, N. J., May 1, 1847. He was educated in New York City, took his law course in Columbia, and was licensed to practice law in 1869. The next three years he was Assistant Secretary of the American Free Trade League, of which William Cullen Bryant, we believe, was first President. In 1870 he helped organize the Young Men's Municipal Reform Association of New York City, and this boy was among the first of those who dared lock horns with the awful Tweed. His pamphlet, "Every Man His Own Voter," stirred the City of New York. In 1873 he came to Chicago and passed rapidly up the editorial ladder in the office of the *Chicago Tribune,* in due time marrying the daughter of William Bross, the founder of the *Tribune.* Soon after the fire, with Professor Swing and Edward S. Mason, he organized the Chicago Literary Club. When the lamentable hanging of the anarchists in Chicago was pending, Mr. Lloyd saw the distinction between suspicion and proof, between public anxiety and legal culpability, and he was one of the very few who protested against the hanging and worked hard for a reprieve.

Thus it was to the end, which end was hastened by his zeal in the interest of municipal ownership and the right settlement of the traction question. Already sick, he went from the exposure of a public meeting to his sick bed, and pneumonia was the quick avenger that punished the overwork of a willing soul. William Salter, his friend and fellow-laborer, spoke the farewell words beside his coffin last Thursday morning, and the perishable part of Henry D. Lloyd was given to the flames.

But there was an imperishable Henry D. Lloyd whose power was felt across the continent, whose life has passed into the consciences of cultured and uncultured, of rich and poor. Ere he passed into unconsciousness he turned over to one of his sons, of whom there are three remaining, a voluminous manuscript which that very night he meant to submit to the city council, on the subject of "Municipal Ownership of Our Street Railways." It is gratifying to know that his oldest son, William, a graduate of the Harvard Law School, now twenty-seven years of age, has declared his intention to carry on the work of his father. May there be many such.

Henry D. Lloyd is a name for laboring men to conjure by. None the less is it a name for the children of wealth, those born to luxury and to indolence, to study, while they take seriously to heart the lessons of his life.

Chicago.

Men said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signaled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shriveled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

—*John G. Whittier.*

Nature's Glory for the People.

An address given by William Kent, Saturday, September 12, at Ross, Cal., in the interest of securing Tamalpais Mountain, near San Francisco, Cal., as a national park.

By the courtesy of the Lagunitas Country Club and under the auspices of the Tamalpais Forestry Association, we are met to inaugurate a great work. To one realizing the possibilities of that work, the occasion is one that would call for a benediction on the task.

Whatever occupation man may follow, there is planted within him a need of nature, calling gently to him at times to come and enjoy, imperiously commanding at other times to seek recuperation and strength. From the bountiful mother man is never weaned, and the attempt in crowded cities means but physical, moral and civic degradation.

Whatever human laws may be, however sacred we hold temporary enactments of vested rights and private property, man was destined by his Creator to put his feet on the ground, there they belong and there they will be put. To meet these fundamental rights and necessities, to do the most beneficent act of which we are capable, we are here met together, and when we consider the limitless vistas of the coming years and the myriads of posterity who, not knowing our forgotten names, nor calling us blessed, will none the less bless us in the incense of human enjoyment, may we be proud of our task and joyous in our work. For it is no mean gift that we would confer upon the people. This mountain between the great ocean and the fruitful valleys is the most genial and varied and beautiful bit of the world's surface of which we can learn. It is hospitable to a vast range of animal and vegetable life; it is blessed with a climate unsurpassed, it is watered and shaded. No panorama can give a conception of its infinite variety of scenery, overlooking bay, valley and the sea. For if all were painted with accuracy it would have to be done many times to fit the changing seasons, and over and over again to meet the changing slant of the friendly sun, the assaults repulsed and victorious of the fog banks.

Never was such a spot for the enjoyment of man. Never a spot where heedless exploitation would work more loss. And all this beauty, all this rugged, helpful, stimulating nature, within a score of miles of what will be one of the greatest centers of human life. Need and opportunity are here linked together. The need is the need of the present and of the future—the opportunity is ours.

We who live in this neighborhood, especially those of us who own property, confess all this in a general way, and then proceed to bar out and hate those who, following their instincts, try to enjoy those things that we appreciate. It is pitiful to see hundreds dragging their way along the confines of the county road, warned on every side of awful penalties at the hands of stern justice if they cross the fence in trespass. But we have our side of the story. We have officiated nights and Sundays and many an Independence Day in endeavoring to put out fires that the heedless have lighted. Our trees are hacked, our flowers picked, and stray rifle balls and deer hounds too seldom make the proper connection. The less we fight people the more we fight fire, and hence our apparent hostility to what is a public need.

It is because our uninvited guests with traditions running back to sand-lots and vigilance committees make the same old mistake of confusing anarchy with independence, license with liberty; and all of us are to blame.

The history of Yellowstone Park shows how easily people may be trained to decency in their treatment of nature. Even the bears of Yellowstone Park are regarded as pets. When the competitive motive is removed there comes a higher enjoyment in watching wild things than in destroying them.

I would go very far with peas in my shoes to see an inch or two of bayonet applied to some vandals I have met, but I am sure that 90 per cent of the now heedless public would appreciate and enjoy the application to the other fellow. That other fellow would be eliminated by the mere presence of authority.

That authority for many reasons should be the authority of the National Government.

First and foremost because the Park we are going to secure is a forest park, and because under the wise and devoted service of our distinguished guest, Mr. Pinchot, the nation is developing a magnificent Bureau of Forestry. In connection with the regular work of this bureau there is an urgent call for our great universities to rear up practical foresters, and in all the state of California there is no one place where the problems of tree culture and water conservation can be so advantageously studied as on Mt. Tamalpais.

As another reason we may plainly state what all of us feel, that such a park should be removed from local politics. Even if our state government were as good and as capable in all its branches as our National government, there would always be a pressure for special privileges which could not be felt in Washington.

Another reason is that in the regular army, the National government has at hand the ideal police force. There will always be troops hereabouts. They need the outdoor life and the outdoor work. They need to escape from Presidio fogs and urban surroundings. The mountain is good for them. They are needed by the mountain.

But what must we acquire, and how may we acquire it? This map of the backbone of Marin County will get us near to specific details. The outer lines show what the ideal park would be, and that is what we may call a practical ideal. They embrace the Howard and Shafter Lagunitas Ranch, part of the lands of the Marin Water Company, the higher portion of the holdings of the Tamalpais Land and Water Company, and a few pieces owned by others. At this time I shall not discuss the holding of the water companies except to say that, inasmuch as the land value for their purposes is confined to the conservation and purity of the water supply, their aim and object would be to prevent fire and depredation and pollution. If this could be done for them by the government, and if by turning over their lands under proper safeguards and reservations they could escape taxation on them, we could hardly expect them to overlook such obvious benefits. Moreover, the companies are now operated by honorable and public spirited citizens, and will probably remain in good hands.

Some of the private lands will be contributed and, later on, other lands may be bought. The immediate thing to do is to acquire the Howard and Shafter property included in the heavy lines. This tract takes in the west peak of the mountain, a large area of rocky plateau to the northwest of that peak, the north or forest slope of Bolinas ridge and Lagunitas creek clear down to Lagunitas Station. There are 12,000 acres of it, and many of you know it well. It has on it some beautiful timber, it has springs and trout streams. It is a paradise for the out-door man. It is the natural home of fish and game.

This estate is in trust for many heirs and, I am informed, cannot be divided. Mr. Chas. Webb Howard has shown much interest and appreciation in this plan and has named a price which he is willing to recommend and urge upon the various interests.

I am requested not to publish the price at the present time, but it will be submitted to the committee that you will appoint. Mr. Howard promised to endeavor to give us a two years' option to raise the funds.

An undivided one-third of this tract belonged to Mrs. Stanford; it was in friendly hands, and having been deeded to Leland Stanford Jr. University, it is still in friendly hands.

If those in charge of the organization which we shall form today can agree with the various interests on price and terms, there will but remain the slight task of raising the money.

I see so many ways of doing this that if price and terms seem reasonable to those chosen, the park is assured.

For instance, Stanford University needs a Forestry School, needs a field of work, needs government co-operation. This is the only place. Their interest is already bought. The government desiring the highest usefulness of its domain will say, "We want the Stanford School of forestry in our park."

But can the State University overlook such an opportunity? No; the State University through its Alumni, its friends, and perhaps a state appropriation, will put in its one-third.

There remains but a pitiful one-third to be raised. There are private subscribers and the great municipality, which could in no possible way do as much for its citizens as in assuring them this magnificent recreation ground, such a ground as no other city in the world can boast. What would New York or Chicago pay for such an opportunity?

If the possibility of getting this property is once secured by your committee and there is any possibility of a lapse, I shall leave Chicago long enough to come here and do some "hold up" work. If people's pockets are closed to, the high appeals of altruism, I shall have to descend to talk self-interest to this county and to San Francisco.

* * *

Marin County will be the show place of the state. Every inch of property will be enhanced in value. With her water supply and her great outdoors guarded from fire, with the trees growing instead of being cut and burned, with happy, well behaved people going where they have a right to go, and where they naturally want to go, the day of the trespasser, the fire bug and the hoodlum will pass away. If the people of Marin County can't see this, they need a night school. Day time is not long enough for their education. If they hate to part with their money, let them invest in Marin County and give twice as much as they thought of giving and they'll make it all back and much more.

* * *

I have said enough. I could say more, but what is the use? Every motive impels towards this consummation. I have talked this plan in general for years, I have talked it in detail for weeks. I have never found an objection to it. If I were faint hearted, I might listen to those timid souls who spend their time in scenting difficulty. Such people are generally on a back track. If we here gathered together every wish to be of service in the world, if we realize that we owe any duty to posterity in spite of the fact that posterity never did anything for us, here is our chance. Never again will the gates of opportunity open so wide, never will that pathway of beneficence be so plain. Never again can we do so much good as by devoting our time, our ability and our means to giving to all the people the great treasure which Mother Nature so evidently dedicated to them.

Pat's Possessions and Mine.

An appreciative listener at All Souls Church, Chicago, after hearing the sermon on "The Bridge," published in last week's UNITY, sent us the following poem which, with its accompanying note of explanation, we publish below for the benefit of a wider public:

Otho F. Pearre practiced law at Pontiac, Ill., where he died in the spring of 1897, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was a true lover of nature and a true poet in every sense of the word. The following poem was read by him before a farmer's convention at Pontiac some years before he died:

Stretching away on every side
A fair domain you see.
A part belongs to Pat McBride,
A part belongs to me.
I own the golden light of morn,
With all its tints that play
Upon the springing grass and corn—
Pat owns the corn and hay.

I own the catbird, thrush and jay,
The larks that sing and soar—
Pat owns the barnyard fowls that stay
About his stable door.
But where the shadows on yon stream
Are changing every hour,
I own the right to float and dream—
Pat owns the water power.

Mine is the murmur of this rill,
Whose sweet tones never cease,
But all the air with music fill—
Pat owns that flock of geese.
I own yon creamy summer cloud,
That o'er the meadow floats
Like some pure angel in a shroud—
Pat owns those Berkshire shoats.

Mine are these drops of dew that shine
And fill my wild rose full;
These tiny violets are mine—
Pat owns that mighty bull.
Where such things can be got for pelf
Pat buys the finest breeds;
I hold communion with myself—
Pat holds the title deeds.

Pat rises when the morn is new,
And so, sometimes, do I;
I see he has enough to do
As I am passing by.
His muscles seem to be of steel,
But mine sometimes relax;
While he so sturdy seems to feel
I let him pay the tax.

My golden profits ne'er escape;
I hide them in my breast;
Pat takes his gold in different shape
And sticks it in his vest.
I count my treasures o'er and o'er
As higher still they mount;
Pat's go with those that went before
To swell his bank account.

Pat owns that clover field in fact,
And so I sadly fear
That love of gain will make him act
Just as he did last year.
The crimson blooms I prized so high
He cut without remorse,
And sold the seed off, by-and-by,
And bought a Norman horse.

No man has wealth enough to buy
My part in this domain.
I would not sell my clouds and sky,
My shadows on the plain;
I would not sell this golden light,
These tales the breezes tell.
Gold has no power to buy my right—
For money Pat would sell.

I gaze at ease on every hand,
At our possessions fair;
Pat plows and sows and reaps the land
And keeps it in repair.
So Pat does me a world of good,
While I do Pat no harm,
And on these terms, well understood,
We both enjoy the farm.

THE PULPIT.

The Chicago Centennial.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, OCT. 5, 1903.

Chicago has had a centennial! The papers tell of great throngs that have visited an Indian encampment in Lincoln Park, and waited for a sensation. I do not know how many tons of red fire-powder have been ignited on the tops of Chicago high buildings in simulation of the great fire. Other throngs have admired the brilliant display of fire-works on the Lake Front. The specific date of the event celebrated by this centennial has scarcely been made clear to the public, and, so far as we can now judge, the event has called forth no high burst of oratory, no peal of noble song, or careful, scholarly exhibit of the causes and the results that are represented by this hundred years of Chicago life. A century of such life as is represented in the conception and rise of the great metropolis of the Mississippi Valley deserves some higher and nobler recognition than an Indian war dance, with red fire, Chinese fireworks, and processional and banquet accompaniments. Not that these are out of place, but there should be something more. It is well that the red man should be invited to witness the triumphs and partake of the hospitalities of the pale faces that have so signally and in many ways and times so cruelly supplanted him. It is well that there should be spectacular display to mark the occasion in the memories of our children and to break the monotony and relieve the drudgery that settles down too heavily upon the shoulders of more than two million human beings in this city. But there should be more than this, and the city that is unmindful of its annals, regardless of its traditions, and unmoved by its own story is likely to prove unequal to its opportunities, unworthy of its privileges, and disappointing to its prophetic promises. Any worthy celebration of a century in the life of Chicago should call for a new scrutiny of its records, a fresh disclosure of its story, a careful exhibit of its ethical as well as of its material gains. There should be a roll call of its worthiest, a frank confession of its defects, a taking "account of spiritual stock," and a brave forecast of its future, with some estimate of the cost involved in realizing that future. The centennial of Chicago should be celebrated in the schools and the churches. It should inspire its poets and quicken its orators.

Let me try to mention a few available items to the committee that would undertake to carry out such a centennial program—some of the obvious facts that are close at hand for him who would worthily celebrate the centennial of Chicago.

A hundred years ago there was no Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa or Minnesota on the map. They were all included under the great sweep of the Northwest Territory. If there were any names to indicate subdivisions, they were such words as Chippewas, Pottawattomies, Miamis, Sacs, Sioux, Winnebagoes, etc.

A hundred years ago last April a schooner from Buffalo landed at the mouth of the Chicago River a small military force under command of Captain John Whistler, with instructions to construct a fort which was to bear the name of the Secretary of War, General Dearborn. It is probable that Captain Whistler's men found but one white man's habitation awaiting them—a log cabin built some four years before by a San Domingo negro, Jean Au Sable. Two French Canadian traders seem to have been on the ground. Pierre Le Mai, with a Pottawattomie wife, occupied the cabin, and Jean Baptiste Beaubien was getting along somehow, probably boarding around among his French Canadian neighbor and competitor and his Indian customers. Next year John Kinzie, a silversmith, trader, and interpreter, arrived. During the summer of 1803 the block house was completed, and our celebration committee was perhaps justified in assuming that the fort was finished in the same week of October that witnessed the greatest holocaust of modern times, the awful burning of a great city, sixty-eight years later.

It would have been interesting and profitable in these centennial days to have laid before us anew in some scholarly and, if possible, conclusive way the origin of the name of the great city. Apparently Captain Whistler found the name when he arrived. It was the name, or something like it, which the Indians had given to the stream upon the banks of which Fort Dearborn was to be erected. Was it Indian for "Leek Creek," or "Wild Onion River," a name suggested by the savory and aromatic vegetable that grew on its banks, or for the still more odorous name of "Skunk River," or was it a tradition, an Indian recollection of the classic name which the heroic La Salle, half cavalier, half monk, gave to it one hundred and twenty-one years before, as E. O. Gale assumes in his "Reminiscences of Early Chicago?" Mr. Gale, in his most interesting book, quotes from an alleged letter of the French explorer written in 1682 to a friend in France, as follows:

> "After many toils I came to the head of the great lake and rested for some days on the bank of a river of feeble current, now flowing into the lake, but which occupies the course that formerly the waters of these great lakes took as they flowed southward to the Mississippi River. This is the lowest point on the divide between the two great valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The boundless regions of the West must send their products to the East through this point. This will be the gate of empire, this the seat of commerce. Everything invites to action. The typical man who will grow up here must be an enterprising man. Each day as he rises he will exclaim, 'I act, I move, I push,' and there will be spread before him a boundless horizon, an illimitable field of activity; a limitless expanse of plain is here—to the east water and at all other points land. If I were to give this place a name I would derive it from the nature of the place and the nature of the man who will occupy this place—*ago*, I act; *circum*, all around; *Circago*."

Here is an etymology with at least a sweeter smell if not with more presumptive accuracy.

In the perspective of a hundred years, what are the glow-points in the story of Chicago? It is the business of the historian to underscore the important words in the narrative, to display the significant sentences on the pages of history. As I look over these hundred years my attention is fixed on five pivotal events, viz.: the Indian massacre, that baptism of blood that occurred nine years after the construction of Fort Dearborn; the first nomination of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency in the improvised wigwam on the corner of Lake and Market streets in 1860; the commitment of Chicago to the war for the Union in 1860; the awful fire of 1871; and the great spiritual climacteric of the nineteenth century—the beautiful Columbian Exposition with its marvelous White City and still more marvelous exhibit of intangible achievements set forth in the series of congresses on the lake shore, capped by the superlative event in the co-operative religious life of the race—the Parliament of Religions.

I cannot dwell on these five great glow-points, but they are the points about which Chicago oftentimes seems to have grown strangely indifferent. The story of the massacre has never yet found a fair literary rendering that makes it eligible to our children and familiar to our citizens. The beautiful monument on Eighteenth street is sadly neglected by students as a work of art, and I fear still more neglected by our mothers and teachers as a historical landmark. Early Chicago dedicated one of its longest and most promising streets

to the memory of William Wells, the one clear hero of the massacre, the young lieutenant who hastened with his band of friendly Indians from Fort Wayne, hoping to avert the calamity, and who fell valiantly defending the women and children who were falling under the tomahawks of the maddened savages. But in response to the craven petition of greedy business men who hoped by change of name to purge the street of an evil reputation, which they had not the character or the courage otherwise to reclaim, an ignorant board of aldermen of the bumptious Chicago of 1870, changed the name of the South Side section of that street to the meaningless and unrelated "Fifth Avenue." Well do the historians, Moses and Kirkland, pronounce this act "an ungrateful and barbarous innovation." And Mr. Gale, in the book already referred to, says, "Wells gave his life in defense of the citizens of Chicago, and now Chicago councilmen after his death expunge his honored name from the long street running parallel with that in which he fell. Such is gratitude."

Nine years hence, when it comes to the centennial celebration of this massacre, if not before, Chicago will restore to this great thoroughfare its rightful name and school children will parade the re-christened "Wells Street" with song and with flowers, in vindication of the gratitude of the early settlers and in honor of Chicago's Paul Revere—the gallant Lieutenant Wells—our first hero-martyr.

The nomination of Lincoln in 1860 was an event which has as yet received no adequate interpretation at the hands of poet or orator. Still less does it receive adequate appreciation in our school rooms and in our churches. The civilized world might well have stood with bated breath watching the outcome in that rude building. The five thousand souls packed therein were facing issues, the importance of which they little recked. Their deliberations became inspirations when, guided by an instinct deeper than judgment, they dared set aside the polished, experienced, conspicuous William H. Seward, the son of New York, for the unpolished, unlettered, and comparatively obscure rail-splitter of Illinois. The first ballot gave Seward 173, Lincoln 102. The second ballot gave Seward 183, Lincoln 187. Then came Norman B. Judd into the hall with the portrait of "honest old Abe," and the massive David Davis with the old rail "split by Lincoln," and before the third ballot was announced Lincoln had 354 votes while only 234 were necessary to a choice. Then the accomplished William Evarts of New York moved, and the honored Governor John Andrews of Massachusetts seconded the motion that the nomination be made unanimous.

This was the turning point in the history of the United States. The curve of degeneracy in democratic ideals had reached its lowest point, and then and there began again its upward swing.

In less than twelve months this old wigwam was needed again, and was re-fitted and re-christened as "National Hall." The day after the flag was fired upon at Sumter, April 20th, ten thousand people surged to gain admittance; there were no partisan labels then. Dr. Brainard, a leading democrat, said: "It is rumored that there are traitors among us. I propose that Judge Manierre administer the oath of fealty to this meeting *en masse;*" and well nigh ten thousand people, men, women and children, with bare heads and uplifted hands, reverently repeated after the judge the following words: "I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God that I will faithfully support the constitution of the United States and of the State of Illinois. So help me, God." Then George F. Root, the great singer for the Union, the balladist of the northern army, stepped to the front and led the mighty throng in singing his new song, "The First Shot Is Fired; May God Protect the Right." In Chicago did Elmer E. Ellsworth receive his training—the beautiful young colonel, who fell early in the fray while tearing down the Confederate flag from the hotel in Alexandria; and from Chicago went the gallant Colonel Mulligan who, near the end of the war, said to his men as they carried him off the field at Winchester, wounded to his death, "Lay me down and save the flag."

I know of no scene in the story of Chicago comparable in dramatic significance and historic potency with those already mentioned until we come to the ashes of the great Chicago fire; and at this distance the impressive thing is not the measureless destruction of property, the miles of encindered streets, the fortunes annihilated in a night, nor even the indomitable spirit of the men or the patient endurance of the women, although these were inspiring. Robert Collyer, preaching hope in triumphant accents on the ashes of Unity Church is a beautiful picture in the annals of Chicago, but this is not the best of the fire, for Chicago before and after that event has been tempered by fire, and human nature is plucky when put to a fair test, everywhere and always; the superlatively sublime element in the story of the great fire of 1871 was the unexpected and, up to that time, unparalleled vindication of the human heart, the splendid revelation of the growing humanity in human nature. Never before had there been such a revelation of the humanity in man, the mighty tides of human sympathy and of disinterested helpfulness that poured from all quarters of the globe, the bread, the clothing, the money, the cheer that came not only from over the mountains that lay to the east and the west, but from over all the seas that surround our continent. It is an indignity to the century to allow any great celebration like that which was attempted last week to go by without rehearsing the story of this generosity, making biblical the revelation which the good Quaker poet of the east, John G. Whittier, understood and interpreted for all time. He saw that the purging fire only burned the dross that gold might be freed and purified. He sang:

> "How shrivelled in thy hot distress
> The primal sin of selfishness!
> How instant rose, to take thy part,
> The angel in the human heart!
>
> "Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
> Above thy dreadful holocaust;
> The Christ again has preached through thee
> The Gospel of Humanity!
>
> "Then lift once more thy towers on high,
> And fret with spires the western sky,
> To tell that God is yet with us,
> And love is still miraculous!"

It is a delight to discover that between these great beacon lights of our century there burn clearly many lesser lights along the shore—stories of human loyalty, of domestic tenderness, of public spirit, and of manly self-denial. Let me give you a few of such that I picked up in the reading of Mr. Gale's "Reminiscences."

Edwin O. Gale was a sprightly lad when the brig "Illinois" landed the family at the mouth of the Chicago River on the 25th day of May, 1835. From that day to this he has been an interested, interesting and creative element in Chicago life—a man of business with a poet's heart, a book-lover, a lover of men. He is still of us and with us, and this book of four hundred and thirty-six pages contains the remembrances that enrich such a life. The book has the charm that belongs to the testimony of an eye witness. Of what he writes he can say, "All of which I have

seen; much of which I have been." His book is made up of chapters from Chicago's Book of Chronicles.

How interesting is it to come upon a city ordinance passed in 1835, which reads, "It shall not be lawful for any person to stack hay within the following limits, viz.: commencing on Washington street at the U. S. Reservation, running west to Canal, north to Kinzie, and thence east to Lake Michigan, under penalty of twenty-five dollars;" and an ordinance prohibiting the carrying of live coals through the street except in covered vessels. This was the time when children were sent to borrow fire. It was before the advent of the lucifer match.

It is interesting to be told of the first fire bell that was hung in the belfry of the Unitarian Church in 1845, and was rung by city ordinance at seven, at twelve, at six and at nine. The little red trundle-bed, the Frink Stage, with its four horses starting out from the Wells Street office, with its load of mail and pioneers for the farther West, touched responsive memories in my own life, for it used to pass our home in Wisconsin. The one piano in the town (the second made by Chickering), when played by Mrs. Gale, once a member in Hosea Ballou's choir in Boston, still makes sweet music in this book. The ferry across the river was free to the citizens of Chicago, but charged a fee of 6¼ cents to the Hoosiers who came up from the Wabash country with their truck.

There is fun in this book, as there was a lot of jolly life in those pioneer days when, as Mr. Gale tells us, the young man literally "picked his wife up out of the gutter."

But there is pathos as well as fun in the story of Chicago, for Mr. Gale remembers the time away back in the 40's when "old black Pete" and "black George White" were the town criers, and these dusky bell ringers went up and down the streets ringing up the adventurous to the auction where "was to be sold at twilight the very best kind of property," prefacing the auction and drawing large crowds with their negro melodies. "Sometimes their rollicking songs would drop into the minor key as their shrouded souls would think of those in bonds and of the slavery from which they had escaped, but in which their loved ones were enthralled." Well does our chronicler sing:

> "They seem to haunt me, those pathetic strains;
> Though lost the words, the weird thought remains.
> I wish today those words I still might know,
> Which Black Pete sang so many years ago.
> His soul seemed striving through a broken heart
> Inspired by Hope, to still perform its part,
> That they, like him, might some day break away,
> The wife, the child, the feeble mother, gray,
> From chains which he, through God, had left afar,
> To meet with him beneath the Polar Star."

The story of Chicago is connected with the pious adventures of many underground railroad managers. It is best not to forget that the first Congregational Church of Chicago came into being because Philo Carpenter and a few others could not so interpret the message of the Master as to complacently call that his table where slavery was excused and the slave-holder tolerated, if not justified, and that the first ministerial choice of this heroic pioneer church, dedicated to freedom, was Owen Lovejoy, brother of Elijah, the Alton martyr.

When the true invoice of Chicago's wealth is made it will be found that her rarest treasures are the clear souls who rang true under adversity, and, what is still higher and more significant, rang true under the still heavier load of prosperity that without warning and without preparation was thrust upon so many of the early immigrants by the uncounted bounty of a new country. It is splendid to come upon men of such heroic mold as Mr. Lane, the carpenter, who lived out on the Gale farm, in what is now Englewood, and to find that this carpenter was the father of our own Albert G. Lane, whose story cannot be written without writing the full history of the public school system of Cook County for forty years, and who, we are told, in his early manhood impoverished himself to restore the school funds lost by a bank failure, funds for which neither the law nor public opinion could have held him responsible. The name of Dole is honored in Chicago. It is associated with great banking adventures, with high encouragements in art. But the late president of the Art Institute was but trying to live up to the record of the pioneer father, who in the fall of 1835 received a consignment of flour by the last vessel of the season. He held the winter's supply of bread stuff for the community in his own hand. Speculators in the subsequent spirit of the Board of Trade saw a chance to corner the food market. They offered him twenty-five dollars a barrel for the whole cargo, but, to quote Mr. Gale, "The eyes of the little man flashed with indignation as he replied, 'No, sir. Nine-dollars a barrel affords me fair profit. I will retail it to consumers only at that figure. No man, if I can prevent it, can speculate upon the people's necessities.'" Let Chicago capitalists study the story of this member of Chicago's first Board of Trustees away back in 1833, and the seventh postmaster of our city.

Let the Chicago bankers of today rejoice in their quaint forerunner, R. K. Swift, who every Sunday morning threw a quill tooth-pick into the collection box and next morning stepped around to the treasurer's office and redeemed it with a five-dollar bill. When the foreclosure of a widow's mortgage for two hundred dollars was imminent, she one night opened her door in response to a knock, and a stick of wood fell in, scattering two hundred gold dollars over the floor. Next day Banker Swift was very much "surprised" to find that the widow was able to meet her obligations. When the run on his bank came he increased his clerical force until all the money was paid out and then he went to the wall. Bankers then and since will call him a fool, but on such men depends not only the integrity of the state, but the successful conduct of commerce.

Chicago is today very mindful of the millionaire descendants of the pioneers. Walter Newberry, who in the 80's founded the great library, is honored, but in the 40's the obscure W. L. Newberry was the first president of the Board of the Frontier "Library Association," and that was when the initial impulse was given and the fertile seed was planted, and there is where the greater credit is due.

There were giants in those days, perhaps because there were giant opportunities, and, what is still better, giant necessities. Great names in the story of the West are the names of Leonard Swett, Norman B. Judd, J. Y. Scammon, Wirt Dexter, and the "little giant," Stephen A. Douglas, who in the great "National Hall" only a few days after the scene I have already alluded to when Chicago took the oath of allegiance, closed his public career with the great words, "There are now only two sides to the question: every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war—only patriots or traitors."

Chicago has made a beginning of a fame in the world of letters. Her editor, Wilson, who has been called the George D. Prentice of the Evening Journal; Scripps, the patriotic editor; Benjamin F. Taylor, poet, editor and soldier; Eugene Field, David Swing and Mrs. Catherwood, Ernest McGaffey and others have won a real, though modest place, in the literature of America.

Chicago has made some inspiring contributions to sociology and reform. Away back in 1851 a progressive young German, George Schneider, editor of the *Staatz Zeitung*, led what would even now be a prophetic campaign in the interest of municipal ownership of water works, and he won out, to the perpetual advantage and joy of Chicago. The next year Myra Colby, a country school mistress, became Mrs. Myra Bradwell, and she was the first woman in the United States to apply for admission to the bar. In 1856 she published the first legal weekly paper in the western states, and on her monument in Rose Hill we read, "What Myra Colby did for humanity and for the equality of men and women before the law will be fresh in the memory of generations yet to come when the monument erected to her memory shall have perished and have been forgotten." Her worthy husband was the first to enforce from the judicial bench the validity of marriage between slaves. Mary A. Livermore and Mother Bickerdyke are great names in the history of America; they are stars in the century crown of Chicago.

The women's club movement, for good or for evil, has perhaps reached its highest expression in Chicago. Here certainly it has become a continuous instrument for the public weal, a tool ever sharp and at hand in the interest of reform. Jane Addams and the Hull House are the achievements of Chicago, and there is nothing more prophetic than these in the history of the nineteenth century.

In the arts and sciences we have at least McCormick and the reaper, without which the great grain fields of the West could never have been developed, and Chicago, the great grain market of the world, would not have been; and we have the great singer of the war, the harper for liberty, George F. Root, the author of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and many more songs of valor and patriotism which still have the power of strengthening the hearts of individuals and uniting the enthusiasm of communities.

The history of organized religion in Chicago is a sad one and it may lead our centennial thoughts to the humiliations that belong to our story. There is nothing more depressing in the century career of Chicago than the story of its "First Churches." If Mr. Gale is right in his recollection each of the leading Christian denominations was given a free footing at the center of the city, without money and without price, by the Canal Company, but, with the solitary exception of the Methodist denomination, they have gone rolling away from their tasks and rolling down hill at the same time, so that Chicago today is largely without church leadership, so far as public service and weekday usefulness are concerned. It has in civic potency a weak pulpit and a distracted, if not a dispirited church constituency. It is not to the credit of Chicago, this long line of honorable and gifted names of ministers who have passed through the Chicago pulpit to the eastward, not because they had not a message for Chicago, not because they were not willing to stand by their guns, but because there was no constituency in Chicago willing to hold up their hands at their best and to stand with them in the high tasks to which they were committed. Most of these men would have been glad to give their lives to the elevation of Chicago, had they not in one way or another been starved out at their posts. All the more sad is it because it was, most often, a starvation of soul, a lack of heart support, a delinquency of mind and thought, that drove them away. Note the roll: Bartlett, Powers, Helmers, Vibbert, Tompkins, Staples, Savage, Collyer, Hereford, McPherson, Lorimer, Stryker, Adams, Henson, Patton, Hall, Hillis, Fenn and many, many more.

On the other hand, it has been for Chicago, perhaps more than other city in America, to prove the possibilities of a free pulpit, devoting itself to civic interests, and making common cause with science, art, literature and general culture, outside of and independent of all denominational lines of support. The story of the ministry of David Swing and Hiram W. Thomas in Chicago is a redeeming and an inspiring one. They have shown the American people the better way of religion in democratic America.

Here, then, we stand at the end of a century, in a city with dirty streets, with sham architectures, flaunting its marble fronts while exposing with unblushing effrontery its common brick sides and ugly rears. In the hundred years of Chicago life we have developed many costly homes, but very few beautiful ones; many millionaires, but bad politics. Today we have a city hall, as our mayor has recently confessed, full of "graft," a police system that does not enforce the most obvious ordinances concerning the obtrusive vices of intemperance, gambling, and harlotry; officers, preachers, lawyers and laymen who confess to a criminal amount of agnosticism in regard to vice, degradation and violation of ordinances that are matters of public scandal and observation. And yet, let it be remembered, it is the Chicago that has developed a Municipal Voters' League, which has driven boodling out of our common council, and shown us that it is possible to elect honest aldermen.

What next is there for it to do? It has yet to show us that we can elect not only honest, but gifted aldermen, who will prove that it is possible to enact and enforce righteous laws, as well as to refrain from unrighteous legislation.

It is for Chicago in the next century to demonstrate that that public school is not good enough for the child of the poorest man that is not, all things considered, the best school for the normal child of the wealthiest man. In the next century we are to make it more possible for the thrifty poor, the intelligent wage-earner, man and woman, to avail themselves of the refinements, the comforts, the safeties that are now possible only to the wealthy. The high building, within certain limits, has come to stay. The invention of the steel construction and the elevator make these available to urban life and comfort. It is the high problem of Chicago to simplify her exteriors, to scrape away the bawdy adornments, to study proportions and not decorations, that there may be more money left to put into interior comforts, safeties, and economies, which are the rights as well as the needs of the common people, the mainstay of the state.

And, lastly, and most of all, it is the problem of the next century to build on the noblest of our traditions. Religion must regain its lost foothold in the heart of Chicago; it must assert its supremacy, not only in the denominational churches out on the periphery, but in the teeming centers of life, in people's churches, cathedral aggregates, in the great churchless black belt territories that now lie between the mighty masses of trade and travel at the center and the genteel residence districts miles beyond.

During the first century Chicago built an Auditorium, magnificent in structure, beautifully located, inspiring in its associations, but it belongs to a private corporation and its doors do not open except to a golden key. Five hundred to a thousand dollars is the price of a single session within its walls. Before another hundred years roll round there will be another Auditorium as beautiful, capacious, and central, which will belong to the people, be controlled by the people, as

open to the people as are the privileges of our parks and the public library.

In these centennial days Chicago has been called upon to mourn the death of a man who, though wealthy, still made common cause with the poor; a man who toiled for and with the toiler; who crossed the seas to study the problems of our common life. Henry D. Lloyd was a man who, perhaps more than any other one man of our generation in Chicago, represented the prophetic hopes and possibilities of the new city, the coming Chicago.

The first accumulations of men are material. The wealth of Chicago in the first century perpetuated itself in walls and institutions. It built hospitals to cure bodies. Its very schools have belonged to the stone age. They have been largely a matter of real estate and architecture. Its churches have been concerned too much with spires, facades, and corner lots. They have sought to cater to the prosperous sections of our communities, hoping thereby to share their prosperity.

The second accumulations of men are immaterial, and the century that is to come must invest its earnings in the intangible things that alone make life noble. Its best charities will be those of mind. It will think more of the teaching than of the class-room; more of the preaching than of the cost of the church; more of men and women, and less of bank accounts. During the next century we must take the fever out of restless wealth and the passion and hatred out of discontented labor, shorten the distance between employer and employe, make operative accumulated capital in the interest of the general good. In short, we must increase the common wealth and in that way allay the unholy greed for wealth. If the experience of Chicago during its first hundred years of life proves anything, it proves that wealth may be a disgrace as well as a credit to him who holds it. It may indicate a saint; it may mark a criminal. And this is as true of accumulations of mind as of the accumulations of hand. Intelligence is excellent only when it is devoted to the public weal, and refinement and culture are admirable only when they are put to admirable ends. Our boasted millions in population and in capital may be our disgrace and not our glory. God grant that Chicago may grow better before she grows any bigger! May her citizens learn to consecrate to high and perennial uses what they already have before they make any more money. Not size but quality obtains in the kingdom of God.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Book Notes.

From Funk & Wagnalls Company I have one of the inimitable books by Seumas MacManus. It is "The Red Poacher." It is one of those volumes that you can use when you are very tired. It will keep you in good humor, and that is the very best possible medicine. The book is a small one, and can be carried in your pocket, to be read under the trees. "The Red Poacher" was most evidently and surely an Irishman, and by no possibility could he belong to any other race.

From the American Unitarian Association I have the last book by our friend Edwin D. Mead, "The Principles of the Founders." Like all of Mr. Mead's work, it is thorough, inspiring, keenly sympathetic with noble living, in the highest degree literary, that is, expressive of the best thought in the finest form. Boston no longer holds a Senate of the world's greatest thinkers and orators; but there are a few, like Mr. Mead, who are trying to sustain the glory of our Athens. The present volume is a Fourth of July oration, delivered before the City Government and Citizens of Boston. I wish it could be read by every citizen of the American Republic.

From the same firm I have received "Typical Elders and Deacons," by James M. Campbell, D. D. This is a big field, and the wonder is that no one has ever entered it before. It seems to be a set of photographs, for the most part. The deacon of a liberal church has had a grand work to do, and many of them have done such work as has been the making of American life and character. Here is a capital bit of illustration of the value of a good deal of the gunning that goes on in pulpits. "Speaking to a friend the other day," he said, "You ought to hear our new minister demolish the higher critics." "Are there many higher critics in your congregation?" "I never thought of that, but come to think of it, I don't know of any." "Are there any in the town?" "I really have not heard of any." "Well, what do you think of the wisdom of your preacher in gunning after higher critics, when there is not one of them in his woods?"

From Appleton & Co. I am in receipt of "Animals," a text book of zoology, which is the joint work of President David S. Jordan, Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg and Prof. Harland Heath, all of Leland Stanford University. This book includes Animal Life and Animal Forms, which are also published separately to meet the needs of schools that assign but a half year to zoology. The book furnishes an elementary course of study of animals for home work or for school. I consider it an ideal book in every way, and recommend it particularly to those homes that are trying to build themselves on the higher basis of true culture. It is not necessary to say that whatever Dr. Jordan touches is full of life and spirit, while his work is as accurate as it is possible for any surveyor of so large a field. He has called to his aid two of the best men in his university.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have received a book entitled "Illustrations for Sermons." There is considerable good stuff in this book, but if you want to know why preaching does no more to mould society, look through such a book as this. It is a lot of material, warped and twisted for spiritual purposes, to be used by men who run dry of honest brain material. The best thing for such men is to close up shop. Those who go to church to hear these stories told would profit by staying at home and reading some of the best current literature of the day. They might be better employed in reading the Bible over again, with a little of modern light shining on it. On the whole, I pity a man who is tossed into a pulpit by the exigencies of college life and bread and butter, and compelled to spoon out this sort of broth to people who go to church from duty.

I have from the Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, two volumes in their educational series—that is volume one and volume three. Volume three is another "History of Education," by E. L. Kemp. Notwithstanding the exceedingly good histories of education already in the field, this one will be of distinct value. In fact, it has been in the field for two years already. One thing can be said about it, that it is readable beyond all others. It is just the book to be taken into the family. I do not know any one line of history that is more important to be understood than this which covers the struggle of

man to know the world about him. The second volume is by Nathan Scaeffer, on "Thinking and Learning to Think." This is a book full of first-class matter. It is a very compressed book, full of inspiration. I should like to quote whole pages of it. On page 345 he says, "The intelligence begotten by our schools has enabled our people to utilize the material resources of the New World to such an extent that Carlyle sneeringly says, 'America means roast turkey every day, for everybody.' Accept the remark as an acknowledgement that the American people are better fed than those of Europe; yet Carlyle was right, that there is a higher life than that which turns upon what we eat and drink and wear. An education that unfits the pupil for bread winning cannot be too severely condemned—because for other reasons it fails to lay a proper foundation for the higher life." This is a true conception of education. Only that education which fits a young man to take care of himself fits him for taking his proper place in God's universe. The physical and the spiritual go together.

From Charles Scribner's Sons I have three modern novels. The first of these, "Gordon Keith," by Thomas Nelson Page, I suppose I ought to like. I like nothing in it. The scenes are re-statements of old pictures, and wherever the book touches on modern thought it is stupidly ignorant. A boy runs across a girl in the woods. He is a school teacher, the son of a run-down general. In his school he tries to interest the children in Hannibal, while they take more interest in insects and everyday events. The poor fellow goes meandering around, through ten thousand astounding and disagreeable events; the girl takes her share of the impossible, and at last they get married. Mr. Page has made a book.

The next volume is "The Vagabond," by Frederick Palmer. I like this book as much as I dislike the other. It deals with boyhood largely, and it carries the hero through the Civil War. It is tremendously full of action, and there is fighting enough to satisfy either side of that great American drama. The book is fair, and in its criticisms of men and events it is quite up to our times. The hero of the war is evidently General Hancock, concealed as General Huested. The portrayal of animal life is full of sympathy, and admirably done. On the whole the book is one of the very best novels I have read during the year now passing. The third book from Scribner's is "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr. I think that nearly all readers will prefer this book to "Vagabond," and so differ from me. In some respects it is the better book, but you may choose for yourselves. They are two of the novels that you can afford to buy, and you will not regret it.

"Systematic Pomology" is a small volume by Prof. Waugh, and published by Orange-Judd Company. It treats of the description, nomenclature and classification of fruits. The book does not meet my wants sufficiently to give me the right position for a critic. I do not care for this discussion of classification. What we want just now is a thoroughly good book that describes our fruits, rather than discusses classification. We have no book anywhere nearly up to date on apples or pears, or cherries, or grapes. We want a modern Downing. The government should take up the matter. E. P. P.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Manager Jasper L. Douthit's Farewell Words To the Lithia Springs Assembly.

GOOD FRIENDS OF LITHIA SPRINGS CHAUTAUQUA:—"In love of truth and spirit of Jesus, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." This was the motto with which we began these annual assemblies, and with this motto in mind we would say goodbye tonight. We would also recall our C. L. S. C. mottoes:

"We study the words and works of God."

"Let us keep our Heavenly Father ever in the midst."

"Never be discouraged."

No matter how much we may differ in opinion, religion or otherwise, we can all clasp hands and march together under these mottoes.

I will not take time now to give you the reasons why the management regards this the close of the best Assembly in several respects ever held here. The reasons will be given in next *Our Best Words*. But I think most of you would testify now that it is the best you ever attended. It was the most harmonious. The management was criticized less than ever before, and received more praise than it deserved; for it is the good people themselves who should have the credit. What few jarring notes we have had in the past seem at last to have rounded into a psalm of peace and good will. It is not the best because of the gate receipts, although this is an improvement over the last two or three years. But if measured merely by gate receipts it might be a shameful compliment. When Rome was in her decline the gate receipts for cruel gladiatorial shows might have been immense, while a Chautauqua Assembly would have proved a lamentable failure; and in the long and miserable downfall of Spain, great assemblies to witness bull fights flourished financially, while institutions like this Lithia Chautauqua could not have existed. That such an elevating and refining institution as this can exist in this community is to the credit of the people who patronize it. Yes, dear friends, it is your good behavior, your love of good manners and good morals, that has made this 13th annual Assembly a blessing to so many. You have behaved in a way to make it possible for God to bless you and your children. The management could have done little or nothing without your ready sympathy and co-operation. And so I thank God through you for all this. And I pray you never to forget that this is your Chautauqua in a degree that you use it and get your neighbors to use it for the purposes to which these grounds were solemnly dedicated.

What about next year? some of you may be asking. I answer, we shall try to make it even better than this. We are here to stay till God calls us up higher, and this Chautauqua is going to grow from year to year. If we do our part it is destined to become one of the most beneficent institutions of the country. When these perpetual fountains of pure water cease to flow, when this forest of trees withers away, this valley is never more green, and no more flowers bloom on hill and valley and the birds sing no more—when that time comes and when the spirit and purpose of true Chautauqua ceases to be the motive of those who assemble here, then, and not

till then, will Lithia Springs Chautauqua die. I believe the good God who built these hills, made this valley and caused these springs to flow, also decreed that Lithia Springs Chautauqua shall go on for ages to come to bless country and humanity when our bodies are dust and our spirits are in the Great Beyond. God in Heaven help each of us to be faithful to this sacred trust! And now let us sing one verse of "God be with you till we meet again," and then say together, "Our Father." It was done with spirit. Then with shaking hands all round the 13th annual Assembly closed.—*Reprinted from the Shelbyville (Ill.) Daily Union.*

Butte, Montana.—An interesting outline of study for the classes in connection with the Unitarian church at this place lies before us. It is prepared by our friend, Lewis J. Duncan, pastor of the church and conductor of the classes. It is interesting to think how profoundly true it is that "westward the star of empire takes its way." This winter in that breezy mountain country where the Indian, the cowboy, the trapper and the miner have so recently held uninterrupted sway, the writings of George Eliot, Maeterlinck and Robert Browning will be continuously and systematically studied. Montana now boasts of three Unitarian churches, each of them under the leadership of a determined, earnest young man. Rev. E. S. Hodgin, formerly of Humboldt, Iowa, is pastor of the church at Helena, and Rev. Mr. Cruzan leads a movement at Great Falls. Here is an Unitarian trio whose work is worth watching.

Chicago.—Ryder Memorial Church is without a postor, the Rev. Fred. W. Millar, who has for eight years ably filled its pulpit and organized various activities in the parish, having resigned to accept a call to the Universalist Church of Sycamore, Ill. The membership had increased so as to tax the seating capacity of the building and a project was on foot to raise funds for the erection of a new structure. Mr. Millar, who has endeared himself to his people by his high ideals, Christian life and sympathy for the poor and down-trodden, felt unable to take up the burden of raising the necessary amount, though an efficient building committee had been elected to aid in the work, and decided to transfer his sphere of effort to Sycamore, where a commodious church awaits him. He will be widely missed, not only by his congregation, but by the many who have been accustomed to look to him for both material and spiritual aid. Mr. Wallace Hatch, of Roxbury, Mass., will occupy the pulpit during the next two Sundays, Oct. 11 and 18.

The Woodlawn Woman's Club, which meets every Tuesday at Ryder Memorial Church, opened its season of 1903-04 with a gathering of federated clubs of the second congressional district. The subjects discussed were "How the Clubs May Help in the Enforcement of the Child-Labor Law," by Jane Addams, and "The Necessity for Adequate Teaching of English to Children of Foreigners in the Schools," by Mrs. Robey. Music and refreshments were furnished by the club. L. P. J.

Foreign Notes.

DUTCH HOSPITALITY AND A DUTCH WELCOME.

So far as UNITY's correspondent is concerned, no account of the recent meeting of the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers would be complete which concerned itself only with the time of its actual sessions. Already at the Hague letters were received from Prof. B. D. Eerdmans, of Leyden, accompanied by the final program of the congress and detailed information as to the excursions planned for us. From this it appeared that Leyden and the Hague would not be visited, so Scheveningen and the House in the Woods were crowded into my last two days' at the Dutch capital, for of course, I could not think of leaving without spending at least a few moments in that famous Orange room which was the scene of the Czar's peace conference. To Leyden I had planned to go in any case.

In a collection of "Portraits and Biographical Notes" of prominent members of the congress, published by the editor of the *Hervorming,* it is said of Prof. Eerdmans, secretary of the Dutch committee, that he took the lion's share of the work upon himself. How much he did for it, how quietly and effectively he did it, I began to see at Leyden. There for the first time sightseeing became secondary to the pleasure of familiar intercourse with persons of another race and tongue yet inspired by a common interest and purpose.

Not that sightseeing was omitted, for Prof. Eerdmans met me at the train, and the botanical garden, the university, the library, one or two of Leyden's numerous museums, the curious old Burg, etc., were visited under his guidance. Of course John Robinson, the Puritan leader, was not forgotten. The site of his house and the church opposite, in which he is buried, both bear commemorative tablets; the one on the church being placed there by the Congregationalists of America.

Those who met Prof. Eerdmans in Boston last year know how well he speaks English, and at his home, where I had the pleasure of lunching and dining, I found Mrs. Eerdmans scarcely less fluent. I learned afterward on good authority that she had acquired our language during the past year on purpose that she might be able to converse with the English-speaking delegates to this congress in their own tongue. The Eerdmans' pretty home is on the very outskirts of the city, with park-like surroundings and a pretty rural view. Prof. Oort, president of the International Council, is their next-door neighbor.

Through the kind introduction of a Dresden friend the evening of that Leyden day was spent with Dr. Popta, head of the department of fishes in the well known Museum of Natural History. Dr. Popta is a graduate of the University of Leyden. In this old and famous university, founded by William the Silent, and according to popular tradition chosen by the citizens, rather than the offered remission of taxes, as a recognition of their heroism during the memorable siege, women are received on a precisely equal footing with men. They do the same work, attend the same lectures, are tried by the same tests and are eligible to the same honors. Dr. Popta having thus taken her doctor's degree in due course, was appointed without question to this museum position, then vacant, though there was no precedent for the appointment of a woman in any of the museums. "My salary is the same as a man's, my work is published just as readily, and receives equal recognition; there is absolutely no discrimination on account of sex," she assured me. She is at present at work on a unique and very valuable collection of fresh-water fishes from Borneo.

While she happens to hold this zoological appointment, her personal specialty is botany and to it she devotes her leisure hours. By her invitation I stopped again at Leyden on Sunday for an excursion by steam-tram to Noordwyk aan Zee—a much smaller, quieter seaside resort than Scheveningen—and a delightful walk of about an hour across the wind-swept dunes to Katwyk aan Zee. Here, too, there is a broad, sandy beach, which in winter time is covered with a fleet of dismantled fishing boats drawn up beyond reach of the tide. To any one of an engineering turn of mind, however, the chief interest in Katwyk is the canal, with enormous locks and gates, which helps the old Rhine to pour itself into the sea. Another steam-tram ride and a cozy little tête-à-tête dinner in Dr. Popta's study closed my second Sunday in Holland, and twilight found me speeding away toward Amsterdam, where Mr. Hugenholtz had written me I should be in a private family during my stay. This was undreamed of good fortune, and, though alone, my thoughts were very happy ones as the train whizzed along.

Amsterdam is an especially pretty city to enter at night. It was dark when I arrived, but the night was warm, and taking an open cab, I enjoyed to the full the long and winding way to the home of Prof. Treub in the Vossiusstraat. I learned afterward that the way was unusually winding owing to the torn up streets incident to a change from horse cars to an electric traction system, but it gave me a fine night view of the Dutch metropolis. There were residence quarters brilliant with lights reflected in the canals, then sombre business sections where, being Sunday, all was dark, and finally glimpses of a shadowy park close to which we drew up before the last of a row of city houses, and I was soon in the presence of my host and hostess.

I am not going to tell about them now, as UNITY has already waited too long for my story of the congress, but you have not heard the last of them, I assure you.

Monday, August 31, was the Queen's birthday, and a national festival. That evening the Dutch Association of Liberal Ministers held its opening session, the subject of the principal address being: "Shall the orthodox denominations be allowed to claim the name of Christians for themselves only? If not, what is to be done against it?" What suggestions were offered I do not know, for the proceedings being in Dutch, I did not attend this nor any of the next day's sessions.

Those who attended the religious service Tuesday evening in the Old Walloon church spoke of it as very impressive. The sermon, by the Rev. J. van Loenep-Martinet, was in Dutch, but an English translation was distributed. The lesson read was I Corinthians XIII, and the preacher emphasized the "abiding" of faith, hope and love, in immediate connection with those other words: "When I was a child, etc., now that I have become a man, I have put away childish things." A passage in the introductory remarks, before the hymn and sermon, is of interest. After expressing the rejoicing of the Dutch liberal religious thinkers over the decision to hold the

second international congress in Amsterdam, the speaker continued:

"We dare not assure those that have come to meet us from the other side of the frontiers, or from beyond the seas, that they are equally welcome to the Dutch nation as a whole. * * * An official reception by the magistrates of Holland's capital is not tendered to our congress. This would have been different did we meet as naturalists, or as linguists, or oculists, or for whatever other purpose it might be; perhaps even if we had asked for hospitality in this good city of ours as an Evangelical Alliance. Our magistrate, however, with painful scrupulousness, maintains a certain measure of neutrality. We understand this, we appreciate it, and at any rate acquiesce in it. But also our 'Christian' circles of course do not regard us with favor in consequence of their different principles; besides, it is not the proper time for being appreciated. We happen to have a cabinet calling itself 'Christian' par excellence and consequently here and there in the spiritual atmosphere even of those who are not of one mind with the government, we find what our meteorologists would call a depression."

My hostess being a member of the reception committee, was going early to the reception hall in the *Gebouw voor den Werkenden Stand,* and I, just a little regretfully, decided to accompany her rather than go alone to the church service. This hall, which was not just the place the committee would have liked, had been made to look as attractive as possible with palms, ferns and other potted plants. At regular intervals among the rows of chairs were little tables, placed there at my hostess' suggestion to serve as centers for little social groups. But she had evidently reckoned without her host. No sooner was the religious service over than people began to pour in and the hall was soon filled to its utmost capacity.

On the small stage, with its border of greenery, were Prof. Oort, the president, and members of the Dutch and local committees; chief among the latter Rev. P. H. Hugenholtz, who called the assembly to order, and then in graceful, well-chosen words, welcomed the delegates from different lands, a group at a time; the English and Americans in English, the French and Belgians in French, the Germans and Swiss in German. For each group some prominent representative responded, the president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association for the English; Dr. S. A. Eliot for the Americans; Prof. Otto Pfleiderer of Berlin for the Germans; Prof. Jean Réville for the French, and so on. The Hungarians, Danes, Japanese and Indians were welcomed in English. Mr. Józan, the Hungarian delegate, wittily remarked in his reply that, after all that had gone before, he confidently expected to be welcomed in his own tongue, but he presumed Mr. Hugenholtz was saving that for another occasion. Mr. Józan, by the way, seemed to have come with more in the way of official credentials than any other speaker; while Dr. Pfleiderer, on the contrary, had sadly to admit: "We Germans are not sent by any one; we represent nobody; we can speak for no one but ourselves."

The only woman speaker of the congress was heard at this meeting. This was Miss Westenholz, a representative from Denmark. In a few words, evidently not long premeditated, and full of deep feeling, she assured us that it was love of her country and desire for its true honor and advancement that had brought her to this meeting. She had a strong, earnest face, and her informal, personal utterance touched many in the audience.

I intimated above that my hostess' scheme of the little tables for sociability came to naught. This was largely because there was more speech-making than she expected. Seated with the committee on the platform, she could only watch with mingled amusement and dismay a proceeding which to most of us had the charm of novelty at least. Scarcely had the exercises begun, when waiters began to circulate both among the audience and on the platform bearing a succession of light refreshments; now eatables, now drinkables, of various kinds. They were all such as one might expect at an evening company, but the odd thing was to have them served singly in succession and during all the time that we were supposed to be listening to the speakers. Probably most of the foreigners thought this was a peculiarity of Dutch custom, but I happen to know that it was not intended by the ladies of the committee.

The closing address and announcements were made by Prof. Oort in English. He is a man of almost childlike simplicity in words and bearing, and his English speech was plainly something of an effort. Referring to the overwhelming preponderance of English delegates, and English speakers on the program, he said: "I shall make many mistakes in English as your presiding officer," and to the cries of "No, no," he repeated: "Yes, I shall make many mistakes, but, if you will pardon me, I may say: I do not care."

Whatever the committee felt, we had certainly enjoyed our welcome, though the crowded condition of the hall left less opportunity for making personal acquaintance than some had hoped.

M. E. H.

England and the Macedonian Tragedy.

A PLEA FROM OVER THE WATER.

To the Editor of UNITY:

SIR: In the face of the Macedonian revolt against Turkish oppression and misrule, and of the daily reports of horrors unutterable which war in Turkey always engenders, it surely behooves us all, especially the women of our happy British empire and of America, to testify their sorrow, indignation and sympathy with the Macedonian sufferers in some practical way. Women safe in the shelter of peaceful homes cannot surely stand by and see the savage work of vengeance and extermination continue without raising their voices in protest and appeal, without organizing ways and means of Christian service. All through the length and breadth of our empire there are women of leisure, wealth, talent and influence who will gladly, I feel sure, use their gifts to formulate a program for immediate action. Let us hope they will do so, lest their callousness and selfishness bring a curse upon our homes. It will not be difficult to find channels for practical energy if we only realize our responsibility in the matter strongly enough. The work done by the various Armenian relief committees has shown what a great amount of good small beginnings can achieve in coping with starvation and destitution in Asiatic Turkey. As soon as the revolt is over it is probable that the American missionaries and British consuls in Macedonia may see their way to establish industrial relief bureaus, upon the plan adopted in Armenia, and so save at least a remnant of the population. Let us, therefore, lose no time in doing, even individually, what is possible under the circumstances by forming local Macedonian relief committees. This is happily a work that all Christians can join in without distinction of creed or of political opinions. Yours sincerely,

(MRS.) MADELEINE COLE,
Hon. Treasurer Women's Armenian Relief Fund.
Danehurst, Putney, London, S. W.

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow. —Exchange.

Books Received.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

The Spirit in Man: Sermons and Selections. By Horace Bushnell. Centenary Edition. 12mo. $1.25 net.

PHILIP GREEN, LONDON, W. C.

The Forgiveness of Sins and the Law of Reconciliation. By W. Jupp. 24mo, cloth. 6d net.

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